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MENTOR

AUGUST 1922

HISTORY

LITERATURE



SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

✦ ✦

BY FREDERICK O'BRIEN

✦ ✦

PICTURESQUE SPAIN, PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARNOLD GENTHE

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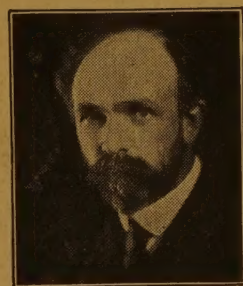
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SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS



WE WERE dreamers, dreaming gently,
in the man-stifled town,
We yearned beyond the sky-line where
the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came
the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was
lent us to lead.



THE STEVENSON MONUMENT
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This beautiful memorial was erected in tribute to one of the most famous and beloved world wanderers of literature. It is on the spot where Robert Louis Stevenson, as a shabby wayfarer, used to sit by the hour and talk with sailors and adventurers from the four quarters of the globe



THE MENTOR

Vol. 10 ❖ AUGUST, 1922 ❖ No. 7



OME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

BY FREDERICK O'BRIEN

AUTHOR OF "WHITE SHADOWS *in the* SOUTH SEAS,"
"MYSTIC ISLES *of the* SOUTH SEAS," Etc.

In the heart of man there is an instinctive urge to seek the unknown and mysterious lands beyond the horizon.

Man's greatest and most enduring legends, songs, and stories have been about heroes who went beyond the confines of the known, and brought back tales of marvels they had seen, or dangers they had survived. The blind Homer chanting his wondrous epic of the wanderings of Ulysses, Virgil's inscribing on tablets the exalted narrative of Æneas' hazards were epochs in the development of the intellect of man, by making his noblest and most secret thoughts available to the many.

A thousand years ago the mystic East conjured Sinbad the Sailor to express for the people of Araby the same spirit that animated Ulysses and Æneas. The Wandering Jew for six hundred years has been the symbol of wandering and suffering. The knitted fabric of Europe, accustomed to printed fable and grown used to novels, called for real men to go out into the distant lands and upon the uncharted seas, and bring back astonishing stories of strange peoples.

And eager humanity demanded more as it became more sophisticated. It wanted wanderers who were not the scribes of orderly research, naturalists, missionaries, and diplomats, but chance happeners upon the exotic, the sensational; vagrants for the sheer love of vagrancy, and generous sharers of their treasure-trove for the very joy of the recital. Thus the vagabond came into his own; the vagabond who could give to the stay-at-home the color, taste, and feel of the awe and delight he had himself had; the vagabond who crossed mountain and ocean with no mere determination to set down on paper, for gain, the attraction of distant zones, but to whom the horizon was a magnet ever drawing him toward it, without rhyme or reason.

One goes back six centuries to the first of these giants with seven-league boots, the model, and greatest of them all; a vagabond whose spacious movements and rare endeavors have not been surpassed. Marco Polo



From "The Book of the Long Trail."

Courtesy Longmans, Green & Co.

MARCO POLO AND * * CASANOVA *

As a youth he began a gorgeous and unexampled expedition to parts of the earth hardly believed by most people to exist. The world was then flat, and if one went too far by land or sea one might fall off into illimitable space! But he risked going to the other side of the world, and thus became the most enlightened, or, at least, most instructed, man of his day. He was a traveler by inheritance. Before he was born his father and uncle journeyed from Venice to Cathay. When the boy was seventeen they set out again and took him with them. The most wide-awake youth that ever said good-by to his schoolmates and companions, he was destined to see things as sealed to the others as heaven to mortals.

They left Venice in 1271. From Italy they went to Palestine, across northern Persia, and into Tataria. A map of the day would show that an unknown land. As they followed no direct route, being simon-pure vagrants, it is impossible to describe it. In Badakhshan, Polo fell ill, and the party was detained a year. When the journey was resumed they traveled nearly to Peking. Four years elapsed from the month they left the lagoons of Venice till



SIR RICHARD BURTON

His life, spent in many lands, was a succession of exciting adventures. In 1853, after serving in the East Indian army, he journeyed to the holy city of Mecca. His native disguise was never penetrated, though he lived daily among Mohammedans, spoke their language and followed their customs. The picture on the left shows Burton on the way to Mecca

(1254-1324) brought a gaping world an unbelievable list of adventures, so that for decades his actual accomplishments were thought wild fancies.

Polo was the most distinguished, the ablest of medieval

SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

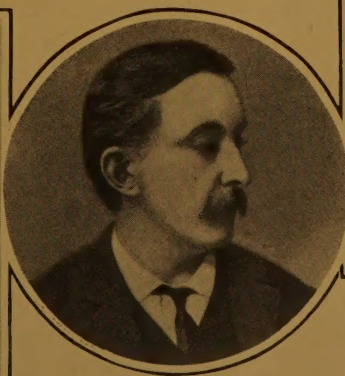
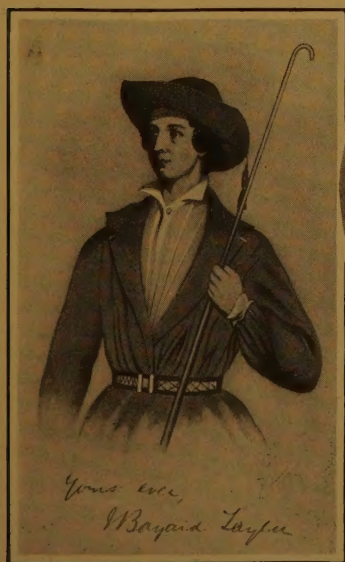
they came upon the capital of China. Many eventful years more were to pass before they bore back the stirring but incredible report of their affairs, and saw those beautiful lagoons again. The boy was to be a middle-aged man ere he touched Europe anew.

Marco became for a time an Oriental in appearance, manner, and action.

FINDING CHINA AND THE ORIENT

In the imperial city of China he was appointed to office by the Khan, whom he served well in an ambassadorial capacity. He visited northern China, eastern Tibet, and other adjacent countries, finding the Khan's favor a passport to the most secret and sacred spots. For three years the young Venetian filled the office of governor of a large city in southern China, his father and uncle in the meanwhile making themselves useful by instructing the Khan in the construction of Western weapons of warfare. Gunpowder was yet unused in Europe, and, in China, only for firecrackers. Finally, in 1295, a quarter of a century after his departure, with immense wealth in his train, Marco Polo returned to his native city dressed like a Tatar, bronzed by the suns of Eastern heavens, a foreigner in his own country. He was to have thirty years more of dangerous and bizarre life.

From Marco Polo, let us turn the clock forward four hundred years! We then approach the era of the writing nomads and, most singular of all, Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt. Though tarnished by the breath of slander, and certainly not all that the decalogue requires, Casanova has enduring fame as a vagabond master of the written memoir. Also a Venetian, son of a noble and an actress, he was by turns journalist, preacher,

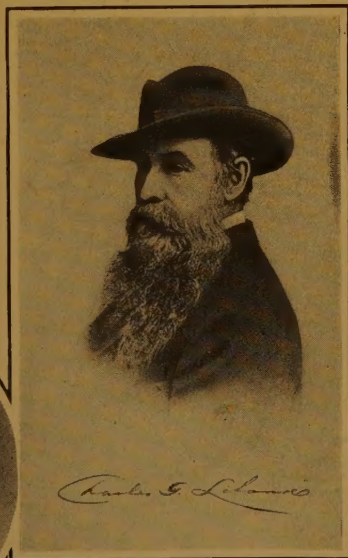


LAFCADIO HEARN

Famous for the extent and variety of his wanderings. His birthplace was in the Ionian Islands of Greece, and the place of his death, Japan

BAYARD TAYLOR, YOUTHFUL VAGABOND

Early in life he began his travels afoot through Europe, writing his impressions for American newspapers



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Like his friend George Borrow, he gave much time to the study of the speech and customs of the Gypsies, about whom he afterwards wrote a book. A native of Philadelphia, he was educated at Princeton College, and was a soldier, student, and an extensive traveler. He lived a long time in London, and died an old man in Florence, Italy, March, 1903



From a painting by Eugene Jettel

Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y.

THE LURE OF THE
❖ OPEN ROAD ❖

In Holland, where country ramblers tramp level paths that border placid waterways, beneath tall reaching poplars

abbé, diplomatist, but above all a straggler of keen observation. At sixteen he was expelled from his seminary for mischievous behavior, and, after a brief stay in the palace of a cardinal, spent fourteen years in Italy, Greece, and Turkey in intrigues and pleasure. Back in Venice at thirty, he was imprisoned as a spy, escaped, fled to Paris, and, in a trice, fell into fortune and the best society as director of the French government gambling monopoly. Within four years Paris became irksome, and he set out on his travels once more. All over Europe he fascinated men and women. He was irresistible—as he himself says. The Order of the Golden Spur was conferred upon him, and yet the city of Florence chased him from her borders. Frederick of Germany offered him a post, but he hurried off to see the Czar and the king of Poland. He fought duels, and avoided The Bastille in Paris by taking a diligence to Spain. Madrid feared him and deported him. He ended a long, merry, tramping life in Bohemia. Besides his own lengthy diaries, an extensive literature has assembled about his doings.

The career of Sir Richard Burton—"England's greatest traveler and linguist," he was called—was an astonishing story, involving many disguises and many perilous journeys in Eastern lands. He came to know thirty-five languages and dialects, the fruit of his vagabondage. His early journeys



were confined to England and the Continent. But after being expelled from Oxford, he turned to India, buying a commission in a Bombay regiment. Not for him the easy life of the garrison cities of Simla. Assuming native garb, he sought out the remote regions and those that promised return for exploration. Soon his fellow officers paid tribute to his achievements by calling him the "White Nigger." He was also called "Ruffian Dick," for the lust of conflict was in his blood.

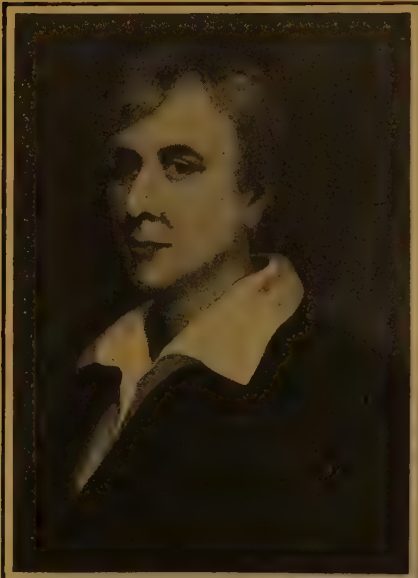
It was his destiny to vary strange pilgrimages by serving England as a consul in various parts of Asia, Africa, South America, and Europe. Twenty years of his life were spent in the service. Frequently he was in hot water. From his Damascus post he was removed on account of his arrogance of bearing. It was in 1853 that Burton made his famous journey to Mecca, the sacred city of the Mohammedans. He dyed his face with henna, let his hair grow, assumed Oriental costume, and became Mirza Abdullah of Bushire. He gave out that he was a *hakim*, or doctor, preparing to be a dervish. As he possessed considerable medical knowledge, that was not difficult. Even the sharpest eyes of his traveling companions failed to see through the disguise. Another, having attained such a goal as Mecca, would have been content to rest. But Burton kept pushing onward, ever onward, until the end.

SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

The vagrant urge in Burton's soul was no greater than that in the soul of another Englishman of his century, George Borrow, who was born in 1803, who died in 1881, and who, like Burton, was an astonishing linguist. He even delighted in giving odd linguistic twists to his own name. When he was in Russia he called himself Yegor Phomich Borrou; in Ireland he was Shorsha; in Italy he was Giorgia; in Spain he was Don Jorge.

Let any reader whose spirit hungers for freedom take up the works of George Borrow and follow him along the open road. Stop with him at some of the gipsy camps. Listen to his rich, rhetorical outbursts, in wild and varied forms of language, mingling the most amazing knowledge of queer, out-of-the-way subjects with romantic gipsy lore. The reader often wonders whether there are really such languages, or whether the soaring genius of Borrow has not perpetrated a gigantic hoax. He readily acquired any language that he wanted, and it is not at all certain that he did not invent some languages to suit his fancy or his special needs.

He was always a vagrant, but in his life there were eight great outstanding years—those from 1825 to 1833. The conclusion of his first book, "The Romany Rye," left Borrow, just entered upon his twenty-third year, tramping through England in the autumn of 1825. From that date the public heard no more of his movements till his "Bible in Spain" revealed him for an instant on his way to Russia. He called these



From a portrait by George Romney

GEORGE BORROW

Traveler, student of languages, and writer of romance. He began as a young man to journey about the world. Practically all of his books were records of his nomadic and adventurous life. In his books "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" he gives us most vivid and realistic accounts of gipsy life. In his occupation as a vendor of Bibles, Borrow, one of the most proficient of travel-authors, had thrilling encounters in wild passes like this, in the bandit-ridden hills of Spain



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THE BRIDGE AND
GORGE OF RONDA
SOUTHERN SPAIN

In Borrow's time, a hundred years ago, routes through southern Spain were seldom frequented by even the hardest travelers. There was no railroad then, and wayfaring was done afoot or on horseback, so the wanderer traveled close to the soil, and found himself in many amazing scenes like this

years his "veiled period," his interval of eclipse. In the course of them he was traveling over Europe and the East, even to China, India, and the borders of Tatory. He had "lived in habits of intimacy with gipsies in various and distant lands, Russia, Hungary, and Turkey." He had also



❖ ❖ ❖

**ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON
STAYED HERE**

At number 10 West Street, when, after roughing it across the Atlantic in the steerage, he first landed in New York, en route to California in 1879. His experiences on the continental journey were written into "The Amateur Emigrant," one of several books that reflected his lust for travel

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"lived much among the Hebrew race, and was well versed in their ways and phraseology," and had sojourned with the Bedouins on the desert.

Yet, despite these varied wanderings, Borrow seems greatest as a vagrant in the counties of his own England. It was there that he knew oftenest the Inn of the Silver Moon. It was there that he traveled with the most unconventional people and courted the queerest adventures. He was at home in the gipsy camp. He fought happily and bloodily in fair booth or by the roadside with the roving boxer. Of his prowess with his fists he was immensely proud. Borrow has given his readers a tremendous account of his encounter with the "Flaming Tinman." In "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" appears that remarkable woman, Isopel Berners. A fragment of Borrow's writing throws light upon her. It tells the need of a strapping woman—one who can give and

**GEORGE BORROW
GIPSY AND
SCHOLAR ❖ ❖**

take. "The Flying Tinker is abroad, vowing vengeance against us all. . . . He knows that Bess don't like him, and, what's more, that she can lick him. He'll let us alone; at least I think so. If he does come, I'll smoke my pipe whilst Bess is beating the Flying Tinker."

Two picturesque literary vagrants of nineteenth-century France were Paul Verlaine, the "Poet of Absinthe," and his vagabond companion, Jean Arthur Rimbaud. When they were both young, the excesses of the two were such that they were dropped by the coterie of budding poets of their time, so together they began their long vagabondage, tramping by day and spending the nights under the stars. Once, while journeying through Belgium, Verlaine, incited by absinthe, fired a revolver at his companion, wounding him slightly in the arm. Rimbaud refused to make a complaint, but Verlaine was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, which he served at Mons. Set at liberty in 1875, within a month he was again back in prison. A second time released, with hardly a sou in his pocket, he wandered like a vagabond all

SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

over the country, his brain filled with embryo volumes of prose and poetry, and at times repaying with his verses the food and shelter given him. At one time he took up his residence in England, giving lessons in French and drawing. So pitiful was his condition at that time that he wrote a poem regretting the comparative comfort he had enjoyed in prison. Then, as he wished, he became famous and sought after. He lectured at London and Oxford.

But what a picture the last stage presents! Verlaine is again the vagrant, not of the open road, but of Paris streets. There are portraits of him, sitting at café tables. The eyes are sodden; the frame wasted by hunger, misery and drink; the clothes ragged and foul, suggesting the scarred body beneath; the hands, lean and filthy, shake with absinthe ague. He has just emerged from the hospital, and within a week will probably be in the hospital again. Yet, wallowing in the muck, he is composing immortal poems. A true vagabond, he has no thought of the morrow. When his pen is not scribbling verses, it is turned to attempts to wheedle loans.

MY VERY DEAR PUBLISHER: I shall finish to-day for "The Men of To-day" a Goncourt stew with potatoes. You will owe me ten francs, price agreed upon for the work. But it appears that to-day is rent day. My landlord is going to see you. Kindly give him sixty francs as an advance on my "copy" to come.

A few days later, and he will be writing again in the same vein. In the end he exhausts patience. Reduced to abject misery, he asks for enough to buy a suit of ready-made clothes. He meets with a direct refusal, his landlord evicts him, and the hospital is his only refuge.

Yet, even in his misery, he triumphs. He sees appear above the hospital uniform and the cotton cap on his devastated forehead the crown of the laurel. Disciples proclaim him master and widen the circle of his admirers.

✦ ✦ ✦

PAUL VERLAINE IN A PARIS CAFÉ

"Embodiment of god and satyr," the celebrated French poet wrote, often under the influence of absinthe, tales of vagabondage whose "long road" led him not infrequently to prisons and sanitariums. His last book was titled, "My Hospitals." Verlaine was born in 1844, and died in the winter of 1896

✦ ✦ ✦



SOME FAMOUS VAGABONDS

It becomes the fashion in literary circles to make the pilgrimage to the hospital and lay incense before the occupant of Bed No. 1 in the Salle Seymour. Far from being in a pitiable condition, Verlaine, now triumphant, welcomes his disciples and interviewers, and makes plans for new poems.

Meanwhile, Jean Arthur Rimbaud, for pistoling whom Verlaine had been imprisoned, continued moving on after recovery from the wound that nearly took his life. He had written at seventeen an extraordinary poem, "Le Bateau Ivre" (The Drunken Boat), hailed now as the pioneer of the entire symbolist movement in French literature. Verlaine praised it, and thus they had met.

RIMBAUD	*	Out of the hospital, the boy Rimbaud, disillusioned,
AND LAFCADIO		ceased to write poetry. He studied German in Stuttgart,
HEARN	*	walked to Italy, and then for sixteen years disappeared
		from Europe. A soldier in the Sunda Isles, a deserter in

Java, hiding in the jungles of Sumatra, a servant in Cyprus, he came to the surface of society again as a trader in ivory, gold, and perfumes in Abyssinia. He lived for a dozen years as an African native, and became an independent chieftain outside of civilization. He aided in the formation of the kingdom of Ethiopia, fought at the head of black savages, conquered, and died at thirty-seven. Around his name has sprung up a school of worshipers, partly offering incense to his exquisite writings, and partly to his wandering and wanton nature.

Lafcadio Hearn was one of the unique vagabonds of all time. His very name is derived from a root that means to stray. In the West Country of England, Hearn is a gipsy name. Lafcadio had an Irish father and a Greek mother, and was born in the Ionian Isles, near where burning Sappho lived and sang. At nineteen, after a meager education, thrown on his own resources, Hearn emigrated to America from England, and plunged into an alluring stream of casual occupation and mysterious vagrancy. He developed through innate genius, unceasing observation, and unfettered temperament a morbid, romantic, and heart-stirring style that, in the columns of newspapers from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and later in magazines and books, fixed his reputation as a writer of unique quality.

Unkempt, ugly, myopic, shy to shuddering at many contacts, Hearn dwelt for years among the submerged, the dark peoples of the South and the West Indies, in an intimacy that brought on him the contempt of white spectators and, afterward, bitter attacks in print on his morals and manners.

After some years in Ohio in newspaper work, in the autumn of 1877, with forty dollars in his pocket and a head full of dreams, Lafcadio Hearn started for Memphis on his way to New Orleans. But even when staying for a long time within the confines of one city he could wander. The Orient was in his blood. The "levees" at Cincinnati fascinated him; the lower Creoles and mixed races in New Orleans; fishermen, gardeners, peasants in Japan. He railed against civilization. He wrote: "I want to get (*Continued on page 29*)

PICTURESQUE SPAIN

THE LAND OF THE DONS AND OF ROMANTIC TRADITION AS IT MAY BE SEEN TODAY, PRESENTED BY DR. ARNOLD GENTHE IN PICTURES NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME—WITH ACCOMPANYING TEXT BY JOHN DOS PASSOS, AUTHOR OF "THREE SOLDIERS," "ROSINANTE TO THE ROAD AGAIN," ETC.



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

SUN AND SHADOW IN A SEVILLA COURTYARD

The patio, heart of Sevillian life, is zealously guarded from the wayfarer. Under the open sky, wife and daughters perform their household tasks. In the evening, lantern-lighted courts ring with dance and song

THE SPIRIT OF SPAIN

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

(From "Rosinante to the Road Again"; copyright, 1922, by George H. Doran Co., N. Y.)

HERE lies the strength and the weakness of Spain. This intense individualism, born of a history whose fundamentals lie in isolated village communities—*pueblos*, as the Spaniards call them—over the changeless face of which, like grass over a field, events spring and mature and die, is the basic fact of Spanish life. No revolution has been strong enough to shake it. Invasion after invasion, of Goths, of Moors, of Christian ideas, of the fads and convictions of the Renaissance, have swept over the country, changing surface customs and modes of thought and speech, only to be metamorphosed into keeping with the changeless Iberian mind.

And predominant in the Iberian mind is the thought *La vida es sueño*: "Life is a dream." Only the individual, or that part of life which is in the firm grasp of the individual, is real. The supreme expression of this lies in the

two great figures that typify Spain for all time: Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; Don Quixote, the individualist who believed in the power of man's soul over all things, whose desire included the whole world in himself; Sancho, the individualist to whom all the world was food for his belly. On the one hand we have the ecstatic figures for whom the power of the individual soul has

no limits, in whose minds the universe is but one man standing before his reflection, God. These are the Loyolas, the Philip Seconds, the fervid ascetics like Juan de la Cruz, the originals of the glowing tortured faces in the portraits of El Greco. On the

other hand are the jovial materialists like the Archpriest of Hita, culminating in the frantic, mystical sensuality of such an epic figure as Don Juan Tenorio. Through all Spanish history and art the threads of these two complimentary characters can be traced, changing, combining, branching out, but ever in substance the same. Of this warp and woof have all the strange patterns of Spanish life been woven.

* * * *

"Spain," a Spanish friend of mine said, "is the most civilized country in Europe. The growth of our civilization has never been interrupted by outside influence. The

Phoenicians, the Romans—Spain's influence on Rome was, I imagine, fully as great as Rome's on Spain; think of the five Spanish emperors;—the Goths, the Moors;—all incidents, absorbed by the changeless Iberian spirit. . . . Even Spanish Christianity," he continued, smiling, "is far more Spanish than it is Christian. Our life is one vast ritual. Our religion is part of it, that is all. And so



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A GIPSY CHILD OF OLD GRANADA

Her home is under the Moorish wall that straggles down from the "Big Mountain," opposite the rose-towered Alhambra. She lives with her parents and black-eyed brothers and sisters in a cactus-grown cave for which her father, a blacksmith, pays forty cents a month. When tourists visit the settlement she dances for them the steps every gipsy child knows, and so gains centimos for the family purse



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HIGH NOON IN GRANADA

Spanish days and ways have not changed greatly since Washington Irving rode through streets like this to visit the "Red Palace" on the height above Granada. Here under hot Andalusian skies is "the land of lots of time"

are the bull-fights that so shock the English and Americans,—are they any more brutal, though, than fox-hunting and prize-fights? And how full of tradition are they, our *fiestas de toros*; their ceremony reaches back to the hecatombs of the Homeric heroes, to the bull-worship of the Cretans and of so many of the Mediterranean cults, to the Roman

games. Can civilization go farther than to ritualize death as we have done? But our culture is too perfect, too stable. Life is choked by it."

"It is you in America," he went on suddenly, "to whom the future belongs; you are so vigorous and vulgar and uncultured. Life has become once more the primal fight



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THE ROAD TO SEGOVIA

On the way to Segovia a panorama of naked brown hills sweeps to the base of the snowy Guadarammas. Deep in the valley a river runs sluggishly. Beneath a sky blue as harebells labors a farmer's cart, completing a picture most expressive of Spain

for bread. Of course the dollar is a complicated form of the food the cave man killed for and slunk after, and the means of combat are different, but it is as brutal. From that crude animal brutality comes all the vigor of life. We have none of it; we are too tired to have any thoughts; we have lived so much so long ago that now we are content with the very simple things,—the warmth of the sun and the colors of the hills and the flavor of bread and wine. All the rest is automatic, ritual."

"But what about the strike?" I asked, referring to the one-day's general strike that had just been carried out with fair success throughout Spain, as a protest against the government's apathy regarding the dangerous rise in the prices of food and fuel.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That, and more," he said, "is new Spain, a prophecy, rather than a fact. Old Spain is still all-powerful."

Later in the day I was walking through the main street of one of the clustered adobe villages that lie in the folds of the Castilian plain not far from Madrid. The lamps were just being lit in the little shops where the people lived and worked and

sold their goods, and women with beautifully shaped pottery jars on their heads were coming home with water from the well. Suddenly I came out on an open *plaza* with trees from which the last leaves were falling through the greenish sunset light. The place was filled with the lilting music of a grind-organ and with a crunch of steps on the gravel as people danced. There were soldiers and servant-girls; and red-cheeked apprentice-boys with their sweethearts, and respectable shop-keepers, and their wives with mantillas over their gleaming black hair. All were dancing in and out among the slim tree-trunks, and the air was noisy with laughter and little cries of childlike unfeigned enjoyment. Here was the gospel of Sancho Panza, I thought, the easy acceptance of life, the unashamed joy in food and color and the softness of women's hair. But as I walked out of the village across the harsh plain of Castile, grey-green and violet under the deepening night, the memory came to me of the knight of the sorrowful countenance, Don Quixote, blunderingly trying to remold the world, pitifully sure of the power of his own ideal. And in these two Spain seemed to be manifest.



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THE GREAT AQUEDUCT, SEGOVIA

The gigantic Roman conduit which brings to Segovians a running stream from the River Cold has endured for twenty centuries, though the great blocks which form its double tier of one hundred and sixty-five arches are piled one upon another without bolt or cement, for nearly half a mile. "*Una obra de romanos*," a saying in Spain to designate any miracle of construction, was inspired by this lofty monument to the skill of Roman masons



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

BENEATH THE WALLS OF AVILA

Not far from Madrid lies the city of Avila, a gem of antiquity flashing its facets of romance and history at every turn of crooked streets. Its fortifications, which occupied eight hundred workmen for ten years, were equipped with all the engines of warfare known to eleventh-century science, and remain today one of the mural wonders of the world.



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A RELIC OF ROMAN DAYS

In many provinces of Spain are reminders of Roman occupation. Sometimes a structure built by the invaders 2,000 years ago dominates a quarter otherwise quite modern in appearance. This magnificent double-towered gateway is one of the featured sights of Avila



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

A STREET IN JEREZ

The former Arabian city of "Sherish" has a rich trade in wine and horses, and is thoroughly typical of Andalusia. In the vintage season, asses laden with saddle baskets full of ripe grapes wind in long procession from vineyard to warehouse



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

AT THE DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL

St. Mary's, Sevilla, largest of Gothic churches, is visited daily by throngs of worshipers, who enter and leave by nine picturesque doorways. Beneath its dim arches are the tombs of Christopher Columbus and Ferdinand, his son



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

A BURGOS GATEWAY

The one-time capital of Old Castile, in northern Spain, is as famous for its massive portals as for its temples and monasteries. The old city is specially venerated for the memories it enshrines. The Cid Campeador, national hero, was born nearby; he swaggered through Burgos streets and arches, and his bones rest now inside the Cathedral



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS

Though frequently reproduced by artists, the famous edifice, begun in 1221, is difficult to photograph because it is close pressed by houses and narrow streets. Climbing above it one gets a more adequate measure of its pale grey bulk, its profusion of windows, cloisters, and chapels, towers and turrets. Most critics give it an exalted place among European cathedrals



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

CHAPEL OF THE CONSTABLE, BURGOS CATHEDRAL

The sculptured outer wall makes an ornate background for the trafficking of market day. Fresh produce is brought to town in ox-cart and on donkey-back by the peasants that live in the broad green countryside, watered by the meandering Arlanzon



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

IN TOLEDO, "MOTHER OF CITIES"

At every bend in Toledo's ancient byways stand significant reminders of centuries long gone by. The pattern of everyday life is woven against a background dulled with age, reflecting the domination of Goth, Jew, Roman, Moor, and Christian, on the banks of the yellow Tagus



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

A SPANISH HOLIDAY

Spanish bull-rings, built like Roman arenas with seats in tiers, accommodate thousands of spectators. Seats "in the sun" cost less than those "in the shade." In the picture, the matador, one of the mightiest in Spain, has "played" the bull with his scarlet cape, until the dazed, distracted brute stands in the desired position—square with head down, at the mercy of his opponent's sword



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

THE BEACH, SAN SEBASTIAN

Around the crescent inlet of Spain's most famous resort are rows of wheeled bath cabins, a promenade, a belt of tamarisk trees, and large, gay, expensive hotels and shops. On a rise above the shore is "Miramar," the king's chalet, looking on the Bay of Biscay

THE ALHAMBRA AND THE PLAIN OF GRANADA

A Sunset Photograph of This Romantic Old Fortress-Château of the Moors



© Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

*The old strong towers the Moors built
On the ruins of a Roman camp
Have sprung into spreading boisterous foam
Of daisies and alyssum flowers,
And sprout of clover and veiling grass
From out of the cracks in the tawny stones
Makes velvet soft the worn stairs
And grooved walks where clanked the heels
Of the grave mailed knights who had driven and killed
The dark skinned Moors,
And where on silken knees their sons
Knelt on nights of the full moon
To vow strange deeds for their lady's grace.*

*The old strong towers are crumbled and doddering now
And sit like old men smiling in the sun.—JOHN DOS PASSOS.*

SOME FAMOUS ✦ VAGABONDS ✦

Continued from page 12

nally lilac and lukewarm sea—where clothing is superfluous and reading too much of an exertion. Civilization is a hideous thing. Blessed is savagery! Surely a palm two hundred feet high is a finer thing in the natural order than seventy times seven New Yorks."

For some years, New Orleans, that quaint French-Spanish city, held him. But the tropics were calling, and to the tropics he moved on. There were two years in the French West Indies. Then, in 1889, he definitely left Martinique. There was a temporary reaction. Much as he loved the lazy, easy life, "the perfumed peace, the turquoise sky, and the beautiful brown women," he began, before the end of his stay, to feel the need of a more vigorous intellectual life. There was a year in the States, during which he lived in New York and visited Philadelphia. Then, in the spring of 1890, he sailed for Japan. Though he knew it not at the time, it meant the closing forever of the door between himself and Western civilization. I visited him there. He had lost his occidental name, and was Yakumo Koizumi. He was in *kimono*, and dwelt in a Japanese house without chairs. He was unhappy, longing to be on the move.

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The vagrant spirit has been conspicuous in American letters. Washington Irving was the first American literary man to win distinguished recognition abroad, and he was, in a measure, our first literary vagrant. He loved his dignified ease, had little inclination for roughing it, or for sleeping at the Inn of the Silver Moon, yet one of his wandering journeys in foreign lands extended over many years. He was the first to bring home to us the real feeling of Spain, and, most especially, to make known to us the history, romance, and poetic beauty of the Alhambra. N. P. Willis, famous in his own day, though his name is little known

to the present generation, was another writer who gave much of his life to the pursuit of that bourne "beyond the horizon."

Two famous vagrants were Bayard Taylor and Charles Godfrey Leland, better known as "Hans Breitmann."

Bayard Taylor, born in 1825, began his wanderings before he was twenty years of age. The years 1844 and 1845 were given to that pedestrian tour of out-of-the-way places of Europe described in "Views Afoot; or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff." Then, in 1849, gold was discovered in California and a new El Dorado beckoned to those of adventurous spirit. Taylor spent six months among the gold diggers. Two years later he was in Egypt, Asia Minor, and Syria. Thence, in 1852 and 1853, he proceeded to India, crossing from Bombay to Calcutta, and then went to China to join the expedition of Commodore Perry in Japan. In 1862 and 1863 he was the secretary of the United States Legation of St. Petersburg, there exerting a strong influence in molding Russian opinion in favor of the cause of the Northern States. Then he lived for a year in Germany, while there translating Goethe's "Faust." In 1874 he was again in Egypt. In 1878 he was appointed minister to Germany. There he died.

Charles Godfrey Leland, who became famous as the author of the "Hans Breitmann Ballads," was born a year earlier than Bayard Taylor. Graduated from Princeton with the class of 1845, he began at once a vagrant career that lasted all his life. First he went to Heidelberg to study and roam the Rhine country. Then came a course at Munich and wanderings through Bavaria. In 1848 he was enrolled as a student at the Sorbonne in Paris. The revolution broke and



Courtesy, Macmillan & Co.

JACK LONDON IN THE SOUTH SEAS

In the background is his little vessel, the *Snark*, which carried him across the Pacific to beautiful unknown shores

THE MENTOR

Leland joined his fellow students of the Quarter in fighting behind the thrown-up barricades. Then his homeland called him, but only to instill in him the fever for further wanderings. Living the life of the gypsies, he pursued gypsy studies all through the Middle West, which, seventy years ago, was still a land of adventure. For the last twenty-three years of his life Leland lived in Europe. He was a man of many varied parts—a soldier, a poet, an expert linguist, and a perpetual wanderer. He resembled Richard Burton in certain ways; in his boldness and breadth of vision, his physical appearance and strength, his wide culture, and his free spirit of living. If chance had brought these two great intellectual vagabonds together, what a rare, wonderful meeting that would have been! Only the presence of George Borrow could have made the meeting more wonderful.



The recent war, which released for a time millions of men from the ties of domesticity and occupation, and especially of fixed abode, roused again throughout civilization the once dominant impulse of vagrancy. The battle cries with which the soldier was torn from his habitat die down, but mankind is on the march again. He is not hunting wild animals, the quest of which kept him existent through ages of glacier, swamp, and steppes. He is not seeking forests and untilled lands, as once, nor is he searching for mines, fishing grounds, or oil measures, except as the captains of industry direct him. But, wearied with the clash of arms, cast down by the results of harnessing himself to machines, fearful of his political and religious guides, in uncertainty, but with avidity, man

is looking everywhere for spiritual comfort—for brotherhood and the love that casts out fear.

An evidence of this desperate though tremulous mood of humanity is a vivid agitation of all social forces, and particularly a desire for play. Unable to go in body to the ends of the earth where life is simple, or, at least, very different from the drab endurance of work and rules, morals, and conventions, he seizes the recorded emotions of others more fortunate, and, in printed page, spoken play, or silent screen, finds a momentary release from actuality.

And, more than all other friends or guides to El Dorado, he loves the vagabond who takes him by the hand and leads to the glowing haunts of romance, who makes real to him another and less commonplace world. And as delightful evidence of his craving for the irresponsibility of infancy, the warmth and feeding of the cradle, he especially finds his "spa" for soul sickness in the South Seas. Melville, Loti, Stevenson, Becke, Stoddard, London, Gauguin, and Maugham have afforded him forgetfulness of the workaday world, in days on amethystine lagoons and nights under tropic



After a photograph by J. Davis. Apia, Samoa

STEVENSON AT VAILIMA

His wanderings covered Europe, America, and far-off Samoa, where many memorials of him still remain

moons in mystic palm groves.* His struggle for food and lodging passes in islands where the breadfruit offers loaves for the oven, the fish invite the hook, and the coconut cools wine in its ivory chalice.

Since Adam and Eve were driven from their paradise, wherein was neither labor nor sorrow, humanity has ever sought again that elusive Eden. The Great Vagabond is man's symbol of himself in search of happiness.

* The story of the authors and artists who found and made the South Seas known is told in full in the February Mentor, 1922.



Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

WEDGWOOD JASPER AND STONEWARE

The design on the loving-cup is Flaxman's "Flying Hours"



THE PRINCE of POTTERS

BY MRS. W. L. HARRIS

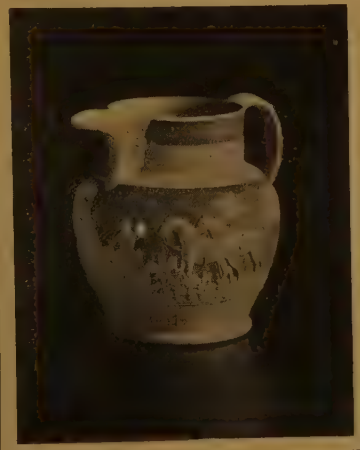
In 1730, the year in which Josiah Wedgwood was born, the common people had only the roughest pottery for table use. Of course, the rich had costly porcelain, but ordinary folks had to put up with dark and easily broken earthenware. The English potters were experimenting to get a durable, economical ware that would suit the people and save their trade.

In the midst of these potters a little boy was growing up who would in time overshadow them all. He could scarcely help being a potter—it was a case of heritage—his father and grandfather both being potters. This little boy—Josiah Wedgwood—lost his father when he was nine and left school to learn the potter's business. When twelve he fell under a scourge of smallpox, and was left with a diseased right knee. That affliction put many occupations out of reckoning for him, but it kept him faithful through years of apprenticeship, with the injured leg stretched before him on a potter's bench. That gave him time to observe, think, and

design. He advanced in ideas with years, and in 1752, with only twenty pounds' capital, he entered into partnership with Thomas Wheildon, the foremost potter at that time. There were five years of this partnership, during which much of Wedgwood's work and study was done while on his sick bed.

His next partnership was with his cousin, Thomas Wedgwood, and lasted for twenty-one years, or until Thomas died, in 1788. The early years were anxious and busy ones, there being little capital, and the two men doing much of the work themselves. They made small and necessary articles of trade,

and every bit was done with skill and taste. Josiah Wedgwood was not content with less than perfection. His first notable improvement was in the glaze of the green ware known as "Garden Ware," developed in shapes of flowers and garden products, with leaves and fruit as decorations. So exquisite in beauty were these products that the demand for them greatly increased. Wedgwood formed his own molds,



Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

JASPER JUG

Showing fox-hunt design. Date about 1780

mixed his own clays, and finished his pieces. His work was absolutely correct, his bowls and platters "nesting" perfectly. His mortars and pestles were so true and of such good shape that they were accepted as the standard for all England, at Apothecaries Hall, London.

Wedgwood next manufactured a white stoneware, using it for vases, tiles, and garden pots. The grape decoration on the vases was charmingly delicate and graceful.

Outside of the coarse brown and gray wares of the people, the chief pottery in ordinary use was known as cream-colored ware. It was a yellowish white and very light in weight. Wedgwood was not satisfied with those crude products, and so he experimented until he succeeded in manufacturing a beautiful grade, with a permanent glaze. He also added many attractive shapes. These were decorated in red and black, or in colors, and were sent around the country and sold by peddlers at the rustic fairs.

In 1761 Wedgwood presented a cream-colored breakfast set to Queen Charlotte, the consort of George the Third. All royalty were so delighted that full dinner sets were ordered, and Wedgwood was commanded to call himself "Potter to the Queen." As a compliment to her, he named the ware "Queen's Ware," which it has been called ever since.

One of the greatest events in Wedgwood's life was his meeting with Thomas Bentley, a man of exquisite tastes and accomplishments, who joined his firm in 1767. Mr. Bentley opened to the potter a new world of art and letters. By this association, Wedgwood's productions acquired a more decided artistic appearance and value, revealing especially a bent toward classic design. His place in London was more than a potter's showroom—it became an art center.

Wedgwood then built new works at Etruria, where a model working village was erected. His life was broadened and filled with many public interests. After his fame had spread throughout his native land, his products became popular in other countries, so that the home consumption was trifling in comparison to what was sent abroad to the Continent and to America. In New England and the Southern States, Wedgwood's name became a household word.

With all his various productions, it was Wedgwood's achievements in basalt and his invention of jasper that brought him the title "Prince of Potters." His gold luster was good, and so was his Russo-Antico, but it was in the perfection of basalt and invention of jasper that he achieved his greatest triumphs in ceramic art.

Basalt, formerly called black Egyptian, had been made by several potters, but it remained for Wedgwood to design and decorate the basalt ware in a manner to give it supreme distinction. The shapes of his basalt products were always classic, the ornamentation being in Greek or Etruscan figures, and the shape and finish being beauty unadorned. Flaxman was the foremost of the galaxy of artists employed by Wedgwood to make his designs.

The year 1775 was a memorable one in Wedgwood's life, for it was the birth year of jasper. Nothing like this had ever before been seen in pottery. At Etruria Hall, Wedgwood's home, there was a trap door in the master's study, leading to bins and cellars where he made his secret mixtures. Here he would disappear and dream of his jasper, and here his dream was materialized.

His works at Etruria being filled with highly trained workmen and noted artists, everything was ready for the wonderful output of this superb pottery in the greatest variety of ornamental forms.

Jasper has an exceedingly beautiful white body, almost as translucent as porcelain, capable of being stained throughout or only on the surface with metallic oxides, thus obtaining exquisite shades. The colors used were blue, lavender, green, yellow, red, and black, with many shades of each. That Wedgwood endeavored to keep the formula



Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

BLACK BASALT VASE

Ram's-head handles

for this new body secret is evidenced by his writing to his friend and partner, Mr. Bentley, of the great difficulty he had in mixing two tons of the material secretly. Even his workmen never quite fathomed the jasper secret, and to this day none of his successors or imitators has equaled his work. It has been referred to as one of the "lost arts." The great accomplishment lay in producing a body so smooth that the final surface needed no glaze.

Josiah Wedgwood jasper is as soft and deep as the blue of the midsummer sky. Beauty of form, daintiness and grace of design, and wonderful coloring are the paramount characteristics. The application of the figures, usually white, to the colored ground was called "sprigging."

It required great skill in the refiring, and the piece was subjected to unavoidable accidents, such as the color being injured by gases, unaccountable shrinkage, or edges losing their cameo-like outlines. But no undertaking was too intricate or difficult for Wedgwood. Perfect copies of antique gems, to be set in gold, or cut steel, as well as rings, cameos, bracelets, buttons, jewelry of all sorts, were the fashion. Strings of jasper beads, with star decoration, were highly prized.

Tea sets, larger jugs, vases large and small, candlesticks, articles of jewelry, found an eager welcome in the "Islands of America." In the old homes one still sees an occasional jasper jug on a colonial mantelpiece. There is none on the antique market. Only by inheritance or some rare chance of fate can one acquire in these days a genuine specimen of Josiah Wedgwood's jasper. Collectors great and small hold them, and the day is not far away



Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

SPRIGGED TEAPOT AND JUG

Cream-colored Queen's Ware, 1767, which long saw service in a Maryland home

when the great museums will absorb the collections.

Of all the famous Wedgwood specimens the one best known is his copy of the Barberini vase, sometimes called the Portland vase. It was owned and lent to Wedgwood by the Duke of Portland, who came into possession of it in 1785. The original was a cameo glass vase found in a sarcophagus near Rome in 1623. Wedgwood and his ablest assistants were four years perfecting molds and color, and about twenty copies were made by the Wedgwood firm.

Artists have expressed their ideas in various mediums, but none more successfully than Wedgwood in illustrating classic subjects in pottery. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be obtained from the fact that two hundred and seventy-five subjects were listed as having been used. In the vaults at Etruria to-day are quantities of molds,

some six hundred being scratched, showing much use. Thousands of trial pieces and notes on results by the master potter himself are there. An interesting feature of the Etruria pottery is the great work table on the second floor. It is formed by a huge tree trunk imbedded in the foundation, and thereby unaffected by vibrations that might jar delicate work. This table is still being used.

In 1790 the firm became Wedgwood & Sons.

Although the Wedgwood potteries have continued during the century and a half that has passed, and under the old name, since Josiah Wedgwood's death in 1795, the master spirit has been missed—the master touch is lacking.



Harris and Ewing, Washington, D. C.

BLUE AND WHITE JASPER PITCHER

Design, "Sacrifice to Cupid," 1776



© Keystone View Co.

ANTON LANG
LEADING PLAYER

The Lang family at dinner. Lang takes the part of Christ in the Passion Play, and everyone in his family is a member of the cast of the play



HE OBER- AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

In the little Bavarian highland village of Oberammergau there occurs this year the twenty-eighth season of the world-famous Passion Play. By the traditional plan, it should have been performed in 1920—ten years after the previous season—but the World War was still too near, and the play was postponed until general peace became more assured.

The Passion Play is the result of a sacred pledge. In 1633 a terrible pestilence infested all Germany. Scores of villagers died, and, frantic with anxiety, the Oberammergauers assembled in devout conclave, humbly petitioning God to have mercy on them in their desperate plight, and vowing that, should they be delivered, they would, in their infinite gratitude, perform every ten years the tragedy of the Passion of Jesus Christ.

The old chronicle tells us that this prayer was heeded. Much to the wonder and joy of the petitioners, the pestilence vanished as by magic. Preparations were made at once for the performance of the Passion Play in accordance with the vow. The following year, 1634, saw the first representations, superin-

tended by monks from a nearby monastery. Since then there have been performances every ten years, with only a few interruptions, such as those caused by the French Revolution and by the World War.

There has been considerable controversy as to the merits of the Passion Play. Some seek to discredit the performances from an artistic standpoint. The inhabitants, who alone make up the casts, are, for the most part, simple peasants, untouched by worldly ambitions. They know nothing of the theater as it is understood in great cosmopolitan centers, but they know Biblical history, and are as close to nature and its mysterious workings as man can get. Their studious efforts to live the lives of the characters they represent are plainly evident in the solemnity and inspirational character of the performances. The natives of this region are not peasants in the ordinary sense of the word. They do not till the field. They are artisans and artists, wood carvers and painters.

A great deal of money is taken in during the season, and the villagers wax fat on the great influx of eager and generous tourists. The spectacle is elaborately staged and costumed. There is no secret as to the disbursement of the money. Profits go for public

improvements, for charity, and for actors' salaries. Nearly everyone in Oberammergau has some part, however humble, in the Play. At the end of the 1910 performances, Anton Lang, the Christus of that year (and of this), received not quite four hundred dollars for his season's work.

Repeated offers have been made by responsible managers from London and New York to take the company on tour, and enormous cash guarantees offered. These were all declined. Now the cinema has made its advances, and while it seems as though the filming of the Passion Play would be highly desirable, and would in no way affect its solemn character, the Oberammergauers abhor the very thought of transplanting their Play in any way from its native locale.

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With the advent of the motor car, highways have been improved and high-speed electric lines built to carry visitors up into the mountains. The theater itself, though simply constructed, is correct from an auditory and visual standpoint, and holds about five thousand people. The attendance in a season is usually about 200,000.

Foreigners first began to attend the Play in considerable numbers about forty years ago. The performances last from May until September, and are given on an average of twice a week. They begin at eight in the morning and last until six, with a two-hour intermission for luncheon. About 700 actors are employed. The chief parts are usually hereditary in certain families. The text of the Play now in use was written by a priest in 1850. The simple melodious music that accompanies the scenes is as naïve and unaffected as



the acting. It was composed in 1814 by a local schoolmaster who imitated to the best of his ability the style of Mozart. The score is interpreted by an orchestra of native musicians. Besides the orchestra in the theater, a brass band of fifty pieces, known as the "Turkish Music," is used in various ways during the Passion Play season.

In the Play the New Testament story is closely followed, the acts alternating with tableaux from the Old Testament and chorals. Oberammergau is best reached from Munich, 64 miles away, in two and a half hours by fast train. There are ten daily trains during the season, and six additional ones on days before the performances. Most tourists stay in the clean, quaintly decorated inns for two or three days, and include in the excursion

various trips into the surrounding country, which is of exalted beauty.

The name, Ober Ammergau, signifies that the village lies on the upper part of the River Ammergau, or district. A little farther down the valley lies Unter (Lower) Ammergau. The border of Switzerland is not far distant.
Henry C. Becker





MOVING THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT

Transferring the Declaration of Independence from the Department of State to the Library of Congress, September 30, 1921, where it is again to be exhibited to the public



HE STORY of the DECLARATION

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

When, on September 30, 1921, in compliance with an executive order signed by President Harding a day previously, the manuscript of the Declaration of Independence was formally transferred from the custody of the Secretary of State to that of the Librarian of Congress, a new chapter was begun in the history of America's most famous public document. For years the Declaration had been locked away from the sight of the world. Now it is again to be placed on exhibition. Let no one, however, expect to see the beautiful specimen of bold black handwriting depicted in the histories and other reference books. The text of the document is still fairly legible, but the signatures are almost gone. Here, in brief, is its story:

The draft of the Declaration presented to the Continental Congress on the Fourth of July, 1776, has long since disappeared. It was turned over to the printer, who apparently did not think it worth preserving. It is not even known whether the members signed the original document on that date. Jefferson, in later years, maintained that they did, but most historians think he was mistaken. At any rate, the present existing document, engrossed on parchment, received most of its signatures on August 2, 1776. A few members, who were then absent, added their names later.

From Philadelphia the Declaration probably traveled to Baltimore, for on January

18, 1777, Congress, which was then sitting in that city, ordered "that an authenticated copy of the Declaration of Independency with the names of the members of Congress subscribing the same be sent to each of the United States." The document is supposed to have been deposited in the State Department when the latter was established, in 1789, and to have been taken to Washington when that city became the seat of government, in 1800. In 1814 British troops occupied the capital and burned the public buildings. It has been alleged that Dolly Madison carried the Declaration of Independence to a place of safety when she fled from the White House, but the story is unfounded. The document

was then in the Department of State, and was taken, with the other archives of the Government, to the Virginia side of the Potomac, by General S. Pleasanton. Eventually all these records were carried to the town of Leesburg, 35 miles distant. Here they remained until several weeks after the British departed.

On January 2, 1824, John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, notified the Senate that, by direction of his department, an exact facsimile of the Declaration engraved on copperplate had been made, and that two hundred copies were at the disposal of Congress. A congressional resolution of May 26, 1824, directed that two of these copies should be sent to each of the three surviving signers of the Declaration. It is supposed that, in making the engraving directly from the document, William J. Stone took off some of the surface ink, thereby lessening its permanence.

In 1841 the Declaration was placed on exhibition at the Patent Office, then a branch of the State Department, and there it stayed until 1877, except during the Centennial Exhibition, in 1876, when it was kept in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. From 1877 to 1894 it was displayed in a cabinet in the Library of the State Department. In 1894, when the document had faded so much that many of the signatures were almost invisible and the parchment also showed signs of deterioration, it was put away from the light and air, and a facsimile was exhibited in its place.

Now the Declaration is to emerge from its seclusion. The custodians believe that it will not fade any further—if protected from too strong a light.



WONDER- WORKING ELEMENT

More than one hundred years ago, a famous Swedish scientist, Berzelius, discovered a new substance in the waste from a sulphuric acid factory. The substance resembled a newly discovered element, tellurium, which was named from the Greek word *tellus*, the earth; so Berzelius called it selenium, taking the name from the Greek word *selenē*, the moon.

This selenium is responsible for some of the most wonderful inventions of the twentieth century. It exists in three forms: amorphous, which resembles powdered brick dust; vitreous, which is like red glass; and crystalline, which is generally known as metallic, although it is not a metal.

Selenium's great usefulness lies in its peculiar sensitiveness to light. Metallic selenium conducts electricity fairly well under ordinary circumstances; it is so sensitive that when a greater amount of light falls upon it a correspondingly greater amount of electricity is enabled to pass through. A selenium cell, which is responsible for the magic of many modern inventions, consists of an extremely thin disk of fused amorphous selenium between two pieces of brass or copper. This is placed in circuit with a battery and the apparatus to be controlled. The more light that falls upon the selenium cell the more electricity it allows to pass through to the apparatus.

Among the remarkable devices that have been made possible by this element is the photometer, an instrument used to measure the intensity of light. It is said to be more sensitive than a photographic plate in measuring light from distant stars.

Selenium has been put to a clever and practical use in light buoys. Formerly, light buoys burned night and day; now, when day breaks, a selenium cell switches off the light, and turns it on at nightfall.

Photographs have been sent over a wire by the use of a selenium cell, but until the cell itself is improved the

process will not be commercially successful. The picture is imposed on a transparent film and the film wound upon a glass cylinder on which is focused a ray of light from an electric lamp. Inside the glass cylinder is a prism which projects the light that passes through the cylinder, on to a selenium cell. The cylinder revolves and moves forward through the beam of light. Thus all parts of the picture pass through it. The picture being made up of varying lights and shades, the light falling on the selenium cell varies accordingly, and allows a correspondingly varying electric current to pass over the wire to the receiving station, where another glass cylinder bearing a sensitized film, and moving at the same speed as the sending cylinder, receives a beam of light that is controlled by the current coming over the wire, and thereby reproduces the lights and shades that make up the original photograph.

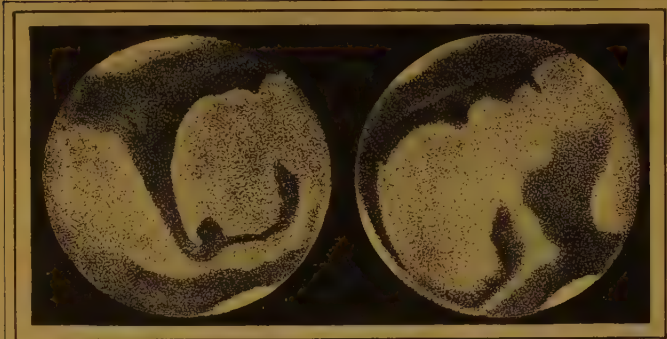
An interesting device is the "Electric Dog," which, by means of a selenium cell, follows a light. John Hays Hammond, Jr., has controlled boats and torpedoes at a distance by using selenium cells.

Most wonderful of all the selenium devices, however, is the optophone, invented by the English scientist Fournier d'Albe. This instrument enables the blind to read an ordinary book. The optophone is placed upon the printed page. It converts the letters into musical notes which the blind learn to read. A blind girl that demonstrated the instrument read twenty-five words a minute. This does away with spelling out raised letters.



LISTENING TO PRINTED WORDS

The optophone translates printed words into musical sounds, enabling the blind to read ordinary books



A CLOSE-UP OF ANOTHER WORLD

The darker forms, which have a greenish tinge when viewed through the telescope, are generally spoken of as oceans, and the lighter portions as continents. Dr. Shapley says there is no scientific proof that there is water on Mars' surface



HAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT MARS

BY HARLOW SHAPLEY

Mars, the pagan god of battle, instigated the disputes of man and the wasting of his blood. Mars, the neighboring planet, continues to incite disputes for the scientist and the wasting of his ink.

What do we really know about the planet Mars? A great deal. We know its size, mass, and density, the elements of its orbit, its distance from the earth, the length of its day and year, and many other of its physical properties. One thing that we do not know is whether there is life on Mars. The facts that science has accumulated, however, argue decisively against the existence of *human* life on the Martian surface.

When we speak of life on Mars, life as we know it is meant—life that is built on the basis of protoplasm, which in turn has water in a liquid state as its first requisite. If it can be definitely proved that liquid water is prevalent on Mars, we should further consider the matter of its habitability. If it can be definitely proved that water does not exist on Mars, life on the planet is out of the question. Neither of these positions has been proved to the satisfaction of scientists. Astronomers disagree, therefore, on both the probability and the possibility of life on Mars, and a generous amount of entertaining but futile speculation fills the literature of the subject.

Let us consider the problem of life on Mars from the dependable standpoint of its physical properties. The earth has a diameter of nearly 8,000 miles. The diameter of Mars is 4,200 miles; its surface area is less than

one third that of the earth; its volume is one seventh, and its mass one tenth. The attraction of gravity on the surface of Mars is slightly less than four tenths the gravitational attraction on our planet.

Due to the small mass and low surface gravity, the pressure of the atmosphere of Mars is about one seventh the pressure of the terrestrial atmosphere. That in itself eliminates man as we know him!

Mars receives only three sevenths as much solar heat per square foot as the earth. Moreover, its atmosphere is too thin to serve as an efficient blanket, and the planet radiates away the heat it receives, more rapidly than the earth.

As a result of these conditions a greater range in daily and seasonal temperature must exist, and while the maximum daytime temperature on the equator may be well above the freezing point, the average temperature, according to the most approved estimates, is probably less than 30 degrees below zero Centigrade. That also would eliminate our kind of human civilization.

If water is present on Mars, its normal state must be ice. Any kind of existing vegetation must therefore continually endure conditions that few if any terrestrial plants could survive; without vegetable life, of course no animal life can exist. The probable temperature of Mars therefore seems to preclude any but the most elemental types of vegetation, if, indeed, these can be admitted.

Many scientists think that the existence of water on Mars in any form is extremely improbable. The spectroscopic evidence is inconclusive. No dense clouds of water vapor, such as ours, have been observed. The white polar "ice caps," which enlarge in the winter time and diminish or disappear in the Martian summer, suggest snow, but might be explained in other ways. Recent spectroscopic observations on Venus indicate that neither water, vapor, nor free oxygen exist on that planet.

On the average, Mars is about one and a half times the earth's distance from the sun. But this distance varies between 128,000,000 and 154,000,000 miles, depending on whether the planet is at perihelion or at aphelion in its eccentric orbit. The (Continued on page 40)

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THE ADDRESS OF EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$4.00 A YEAR

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THE OPEN LETTER



HE MENTOR comes to you this month with a new cover, larger pages and illustrations, finer paper—and other printing features that assure a richer effect. We

have made no advance announcement of these changes in the format of The Mentor—and we make no special statement, at this time, of the many good things to come in the contents. We simply give you a larger and better-looking Mentor—without advance heralding—and we shall go on giving you an ever-increasing measure of value in interesting reading matter and beautiful pictures.

In the Open Letter last month I told you something of Mr. Emile Coue, the French “soul doctor,” who is stirring France and England with his formula for self-improvement—“Day by day, in every way, I am growing better.” That is just as good a formula for magazines as for men—“Month by month, in every way, we shall grow better”—better and bigger in interest, attractiveness, and informing value. Our daily mail tells us that we have given, and are giving, Mentors that “interest and help.” The Mentor has even been called, by some readers, “a genuine boon in the home.” That gratifies us, naturally—and the most gratifying thing of all to us is that the life of the published Mentors—ranging from one to ten years old—is not simply *past* history, but *current* history as well. The Mentors, from the very beginning, are all alive and doing well. We sell several hundred thousand back numbers a year, and, in order to supply the increasing demand, it has now become necessary for us to reprint a large edition of

all the numbers in a set of nine volumes—a good, substantial background, surely, for present and future Mentors.

✦ ✦ ✦

There is an old-time saying that anyone bent on accomplishing the most in life must “hitch his wagon to a star.” According to modern science, the nearest star is so far away that the transportation of one individual to it, reckoned at the established rate of three cents per mile, would call for all the money in the world—and when that individual got there, he would not have the cash to bring him back. But that does not daunt anyone who is bent on reaching the summits. He “hitches his wagon to a star,” just the same. We know that the best way to realize the most that is attainable in human progress is to fix one’s aspirations on a high point, and then, if one can reach that point, to set one’s eyes on another point farther on.

Have you read “If Winter Comes”? If so, you will remember how Mark Sabre kept persistently competing with himself in coasting home on his bicycle at the end of the day—how he kept tally on his advances in coasting by putting down white stakes to mark the progress made, and how he felt that his day was not satisfying unless he had made *some* progress. There is good practical human sense in self-competition. We believe in it. Every number of The Mentor is a “white stake”—and each new white stake is to be set ahead of the one before.

W. D. Moffat
• Editor

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David will introduce you to his sister, Harriet, the finest lady (your mother excepted) that ever knitted

before an open fireplace. What a wonderful woman she is! How neat she keeps the little farmhouse! No wonder it's the best spot on the farm! The cheerful hospitality of the place; the homely entertainment she gives to David's queer acquaintances. But that is not all. Harriet makes the best mince pies you ever tasted. Ask any man what he thinks of Grayson and he will first talk of Harriet. The girls love her, too. Everybody is reading Grayson and meeting Harriet, and many other real friends.

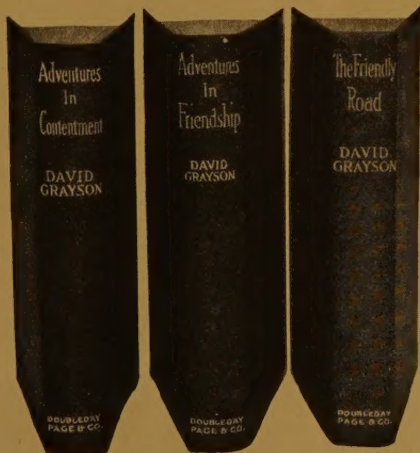
Grayson is an instructor in the art of living. Read him and understand. This is what he does: He gives you a new grasp on life through his Adventures. Gives you a kinder feeling toward all humanity through his Friendships. Teaches you to be self-contained in his Contentment and keeps you in tune with Nature through his Possessions. He makes you a better man or woman.

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David Grayson makes friends for the enjoyment of their association. He gives us delightful character pictures of the sturdy country folk who are his neighbors. You will find yourself included in his list of friends after you have read "Adventures in Friendship" and will be happy when he speaks to you through his writings—breathing the breath of humanity.

Adventures in Contentment

This is the first Grayson book the reader should open. It speaks of his escape from death in the city and his finding of real contentment on a farm. Every city dweller born on a farm feels the longing at some time or other to return to it. To those who do not know the joy of life in the country this book will be a revelation—to all it will be a source of happiness.



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WHAT WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT MARS

Continued from page 38

Martian day is about forty minutes longer than our day, the Martian year about two of our years.

When Mars and the earth are in the same general direction as seen from the sun, Mars is said to be in opposition, and it is on the meridian at midnight. It is then in the most favorable position for observation. At some oppositions the area of its disk is more than three times as large as at others, and its brightness four times as great. Favorable oppositions come at intervals of about fifteen years; for observers in the southern hemisphere the one during the present summer will be well adapted to Martian investigations.

At propitious oppositions much attention is paid to the markings on the planet's disk. Those who believe Mars inhabited base their conclusions mainly on the assumed artificiality of some of the markings.

Extensive dark areas upon the lighter background are recognized visually by all who examine the planet; they show on pho-

tographs made with suitable telescopes. The white polar caps are also distinctly visible, and have been extensively studied by the late Percival Lowell, America's best known observer of the planets. As to the other markings, astronomers by no means agree.

In 1877 Schiaparelli discovered some streaks or bands which he called "canali." The word was unfortunately translated not as channels, but as canals—which implies at once artificiality, ingenious construction, the presence of animals with intelligence of the human degree. Out of the few channels there has grown, a little too enthusiastically, a fine network of canals—of straight, clear-cut, artificial-looking lines that seem to shift from place to place and invite speculation as to their origin.

Most of these lines, or canals, have been seen by only a few persons. Some scientists consider the canals an optical illusion. Others admit the existence of the most conspicuous, but refuse to believe in the wealth of detail frequently depicted in published drawings. Professor W. W. Campbell suggests that perhaps observers have been trying to see surface markings on Mars.

Those who believe that life exists on Mars resort to varied and improbable assumptions to explain away the difficulties. For instance, one proponent of the theory gives us a picture of a parched desert, the inhabitants of which practice remarkable engineering feats to utilize the small amount of moisture remaining on their aged planet. And then, in order to render this desert planet warm enough to support life, he invokes a dense moist atmosphere for holding the heat received!

There is a fascination to the belief in the habitability of Mars and the presence of human beings on another planet. The theory has a powerful appeal to the imagination. But beyond that the theory has, to back it up, very little in the way of solid scientific fact.



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